EADLE KEATAH TOH.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. II. INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., FEBRUARY, 1882. NO. 7.

[The following article with regard to our school-room methods was written at the request of the Department at Washington, and we give it entire, thinking it might prove of interest to our readers:]

To Capt. R. H. Pratt—Sir:—In compliance with your request I have briefly outlined the methods followed in the schools under my supervision. As you are aware, there has been some diversity in the details of the different sections. The difficulty of teaching so large a number of beginners in everything pertaining to civilized life, was so greatly increased by the babel of differing tongues, that it seemed necessary to allow teachers the largest liberty consistent with principles which we consider fundamental.

Believing that the faculties of the child-nature develop in the same order, and without radical differences, whether in the Indian or the white race, we proceeded in their education accordingly, conforming to nature's order of development.

The chief mental characteristic of childhood is curiosity, and to a certain extent this is true of the uncultured adult savage. "Children of a larger growth," their perceptive faculties are active; the eye quick and true; the reason and judgment undeveloped. Taking advantage of the curiosity which prompted to the study of the countless objects, new and strange, around them, we began by directing and stimulating that faculty, presenting appropriate objects, and gradually, without set lessons, and without compulsion, teaching their names and uses. In the same manner, through observation and imitation, the pupil was led to name and describe actions.

Believing also that physical training should accompany the mental—a principle which seems especially important in the education of the Indian—frequent exercises in alternate rising, sitting, standing, marching, jumping, and later, free gymnastics and singing, formed a part of the daily school routine. Almost from the first, by the use of slate and blackboard, the pupils were taught to write and read the names of objects, or short sentences—using script—describing actions. "Harry ran," "Mattie ran," "Lena ran," written upon the board by the teacher, *following* the action by the child, copied upon the slate, at first almost illegibly, was one of the first lessons given a class of little Pueblos who came to us ignorant of English, and without previous schooling.

No criticism was made, however awkward the attempt at imitation. Running, jumping, ball-throwing, paper-throwing, eating, drinking, etc., afforded amusement and exercise, alternating with the really difficult first lessons in writing. To expedite the process of learning to write, the sentences or words were written upon the board by the teacher, and, after being *almost* erased, the little hands were guided in tracing the characters. This device and a judicious amount of commendation and criticism, secured success in the manual effort, which presents the only real difficulty. This is substantially the method pursued in the institution for the deaf mutes at Hartford, Conn., under the superintendence of Dr. Keep, and fully explained in his book—"First Lessons for the Deaf and Dumb."

Although not followed in its details, the book contains many valuable suggestions, and has been very helpful for reference.

Drill in vocal gymnastics, as a means to correct enunciation, has been employed from the first. The letters were taught only through their powers. The phonic method is employed to aid in the pronunciation and discovery of new words. This combination of the phonic and word-method we find especially adapted to our Indian pupils. Difficulties in articulation which seemed insurmountable, have been effectually conquered. It is often necessary to *show* the Indian pupil the proper position of the teeth, tongue and lips, and *insist* upon his imitation. When he finds that to make the difficult sounds is possible, a great deal is done toward success in English speaking. We believe it is a great mistake to use books at first. Our previous experience, as well as that at Carlisle, confirms this opinion: also that time spent in teaching the alphabet is lost. The monotony of the old alphabet teaching is ten times more woeful when the teacher, owing to ignorance of the child's vernacular, can do nothing through association or illustration to aid the untrained memory, or relieve the useless, parrot-like repetition of unmeaning sounds. When, after six or eight months, text-books were put into the hands of our pupils, they readily distinguished words which they had already learned to write and to read in script. Henceforth the lessons in Roman characters were copied in script, and read both from the book and the blackboard. We found even then that *reading*, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, was impossible. We did not insist upon it. The thought is the main thing—expression, inflections, emphasis, come much later. When we find a class stupidly droning over a reading-book, we throw the book aside and take up objects. Tables, containing books, splints, and a variety of other objects for counting, and Hingham and other toys for purposes of illustration, were placed in every room. Measures, rulers, articles of food and household furniture, tools from the workshops, pictures and occupation chromos, find place in the school rooms and furnish material for lessons. To secure reviews, these lessons are entered by the teachers in note-books, subject to the inspection of the principal.

The sentences placed upon the blackboard for the pupils' study, are copied by them into note-books. In some cases lessons especially useful have been printed for subsequent reading. The same principles are followed in the teaching of arithmetic, although here, for various reasons, greater latitude has been allowed as to methods. Grube's leading idea—that of objective illustration—is insisted upon. We have sought to keep down in numbers, developing slowly; teaching addition, subtraction, multiplication and division simultaneously, and by the use of objects. A great deal of training with applied numbers is given, while the pure number is small. This allows both teacher and scholar to concentrate attention upon the statement. Arithmetic thus taught aids, and sometimes *waits upon* the mastery of the English language, which is the main point. Little attention is given to geography in the lower grades. The instruction is oral, accompanied by map-drawing, and is not given greater prominence than Natural History, which is also taught orally from charts. Form is taught in connection with industrial drawing in all the grades.

We use Knox and Whitney's Language Lessons as a guide to oral instruction in language. In the primary schools much use is made of pictures. An oral lesson is first given, when necessary, after which the child is required to write a description, or reproduce in writing sentences which have been drawn out by questioning. Pictures for this purpose are cut from magazines or illustrated papers, and pasted upon cloth or pasteboard. Diaries are kept in some of the sections. A few sentences only are written daily, corrected by the teacher, and copied into books kept for the purpose.

The advantages of these exercises are too obvious to require mention. We keep in mind the terse mottoes: "Child-nature—desire to see, *to do*, and to tell." "Teachers' work—training to see, *to do*, and to tell."

Respectfully,

C. M. Semple,
Principal Ed. Department.

Indian Idiosyncrasies.

I never knew but one Indian to lose his bearing with regard to the compass. Pet-a-le-shar-o, in speaking of his visit to Washington, said: "Aha! I was sick; I wanted to see my wife;—the sun did not rise in the right place!"

An Indian will take a bee-line for home across the trackless prairie as unerringly as a horse or a dog. His instincts being so fine in this regard, it is a source of infinite amusement to him, to see the white man with his "head turned," and his famed reticence is sure to manifest itself on such occasions. An incident that occurred at one of the Indian agencies will illustrate this: The agent, in company with two of the resident ladies, had been to a town about twenty miles distant, an Indian boy driving the team. On their return, coming to a point where two roads diverged very gradually, as is often the case on the prairies, bewildering many a traveler, a discussion arose between the agent and his companions with regard to which should be followed to take them

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home. The agent at last decided without consulting the driver, and he silently, as in duty bound, took the track as directed. At dusk they found themselves at the foot of a precipitous line of bluffs and at the end of the traveled road. The agent still being sure of his bearings, and seeing a light in the distance, as he thought in the right direction to take him on his homeward way, turned the heads of the horses toward it, and ordered the boy to drive on. The prairie was rough; there was a village of praire dogs to pass through; there were ant-hills; there were gulleys dug out by the water which had poured from the bluffs during rushing rains; there were slough-holes, though, fortunately, at that season, dry. The great, clumsy, closely-covered carriage lurched from one side to another, threatening to upset, and the agent alighted and walked before the horses to find a smoother path, while his companions sang to appear cheerful, or involuntarily uttered little, short shricks, as the carriage lurched from side to side or plunged into a slew-hole; but the driver sat apparently unperturbed, merely obeying the directions of his superior. Finally it was concluded best to retrace their steps, as the guiding light seemed to be as far distant as when first seen. The agent still toiled on ahead of the wearied horses that quietly followed his course. At last he turned as if struck with a fresh thought, and said: "Frank, can you find the track?" "Yes," was gruffly answered. "Well, then, get down and run before the team." And the tired man took a seat in the carriage, while Frank started off on a brisk run, the quickly-inspirited team following, and in a very short space of time the traveled track was reached, but it was well nigh the "small hours" before the wearied travelers reached home. The next day it was evident that there was much of interest being communicated to the boys of the school of which Frank was a member. They gathered in squads around him, and though nothing was heard but a low-murmured conversation, there was a twinkle in his beautiful black eye and a play of the muscles of his fine symmetrical features, that proved that the spirit within was stirred with great merriment.

Their reticence when questioned, when one is in doubt whether they are able to give information, is at times exasperating almost beyond endurance. A story is told of a young officer who for a time was in charge of a dispensary in the territory. One of the boys who had been in an agency school was given him for interpreter, and for two or three weeks he dispensed medicines to the afflicted who applied to him under great difficulties on account of the apparent ignorance of his interpreter. He racked his brains day after day to invent methods of communication with those whom he would relieve, his interpreter making ineffectual efforts to make himself understood. At last one day as they sat together, the youth lifted his eyes to the shelves on which stood an array of bottles with their labels, and asked in round, pure English, "Mr. ——, why do you write Latin names, instead of English, on those medicine bottles?" The testimony of the officer as to what he said in answer is not to be repeated, but one can imagine the first impulse would be to make the young rascal fear for his scalp.

To say that an Indian is a keen observer of men and things would be repeating that which has been so often said that it has passed into a proverb, and yet you are newly-impressed with the fact, if understanding his native language, you come into close friendship with one who has visited our cities and seen the marvelous things which the white man possesses. Said one, "I saw many wonderful things. They brought to me a vessel with something in it and told me to lift it. It was small, but, ugh! it was heavy! Then a cloth was brought, the shining, running metal was poured into it, and the edges closed together. Soon it was opened and there was nothing there. Where was it gone? That was miraculous! A gun was brought, and a man put a ball into it, pushing it down and down! (suiting the action to his words). Then it was leveled at a mark, and the ball flew out and hit it, but I heard nothing. It would be good for my people to have such guns. We could lie in the tall grass or willows, and when the enemy came along we could shoot them down, and those who saw it would look and wonder, and then run, for they would think God was angry at them for coming to war against us. There came a day every little while when all the people stopped work, made themselves very clean, and dressed very nicely. Then going to a large and beautiful house together, they sang; and one man talked to God, and then he talked to the people, and all were very still and listened. The next day when I saw them, they all looked rested and happy. I think it would be a good thing for my people to do, for they all had tired faces when I came back to them. I went to the Great Water, and they told me to look across it. I looked, but I saw no land beyond. I looked again to see over on the other side, but I did not succeed. Then I threw my eyes very far, but it was all water —there was no beyond; it was like God."

Another was more given to the fleshly side of what he enjoyed. He said, "There was much that was good to eat: there were apples, and plums, and peaches, and melons, and potatoes, and other roots, both red, and yellow, and white; and many kinds of meats, but the best of all was bread with birds baked in it." The dress and appearance of the women he met quite attracted him. He thought them dressed very beautifully; but their jewelry was the special charm, and this was his story: "There were many rings on their hands and arms. There were pants on their hands, so their rings were not always seen. They often took them off and put their hands to their heads, pretending they were fixing their hair; but it was only to show their rings." After imitating the manners and affected airs of those whom he had thus carefully watched, he would arise, and gracefully drawing his robe around him, walk across the room with the wriggling gait that is so often seen among the women in fashionable society. While the whole scene was irresistibly laughable, there was mingled with the mirth a feeling of shame and deep abasement that a wild Indian of the prairie must make such comments upon a people who should be so far superior to him in all the social relations.

An Indian never eats hastily. He may fast for days; and then, if you give him food, you would suppose, by the way he sips his coffee or soup, and leisurely eats his bread and meat, that he was eating your food from courtesy rather than because he is hungry. It is an insult to ask him to hasten a meal. A cup of milk was given to an Indian youth, and the giver, after waiting awhile, said: "James, drink that, I want the cup." "I am not a horse, to drink fast," was the reply, and the cup was returned half-emptied. It has been well said that their leisurely and graceful acts might well be imitated in many points by rushing, rude Young America.

E. G. P.

Wisconsin and its Indians.

In the State of Wisconsin there are two Indian agencies—Green Bay and La Pointe—which embrace an aggregate of more than 6,000 Indians, chiefly Ojibwas. In the interest of these people, Rev. Isaac Baird, Missionary at Odanah, memorialized the Synod of Wisconsin at its annual meeting at Appleton in October last. Whereupon the Synod adopted a memorial to Congress, in which they ask the Senators and Representatives from that State to exhaust all possible and legitimate means to secure for the Indians within their bounds, by appropriate legislation, and at the earliest possible moment, certain rights, privileges, and advantages:

1st. "That their personality and rights be recognized, by granting to them the full protection of the laws of the United States, as also those of this State, for their persons and property, holding them strictly amenable to the same."

2d. "The allotment of lands in severalty, with just and secure titles to the same; disposing of the remainder of the different reservations for their direct profit and advantage."

3d. "The establishment of suitable schools in every Indian settlement where there are from fifteen to twenty children of school age, devising means that shall be as nearly compulsory as possible to secure regular attendance."

The memorial also recommends the establishment, for the special benefit of those Indians, at some point in the southern part of the State, a Training School similar to the one at Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, Pa., where a hundred youths of both sexes may be trained for teachers and leaders of their own people; the expenses of such school, as well as the home schools, to be met, in part at least, from the avails of their surplus lands.

4th. "The granting to them the same religious liberty we claim for, and enjoy ourselves."

5th. "That, as annual payments, in the judgment of those who are best acquainted with the facts, tend to perpetuate the tribal relations, and the peculiar customs and traditions of the people, the memorial suggests that some other method be adopted to pay them such moneys as may be their proper due. The 'annuity system' is bad, and should be abandoned."

This is a good memorial. We shall be glad to see its suggestions carried out. Beloit would be a good location for the proposed Indian Training School. The good people of the place would, to a certain extent, be in sympathy with such a work.

In this connection let me mention that the Indian Committee of the General Assembly, at its late meeting in Washington, voted to invite all the Presbyteries, at their spring meeting, to take action on the Indian question by memorials to Congress or otherwise. The time has come for an energetic and persistent movement along the whole line. Let every Presbytery make its voice heard.

S. R. RIGGS.

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The Results.

On the last day of January, when the snow was falling fast and thick, we all received invitations to attend the monthly review of the Carlisle Training School. As the severe storm prevented strangers from being present, and Capt. Pratt was away, I accepted the invitation largely from a sense of duty. Both teachers and scholars need encouragement, especially in such a school as this. The really hard work of both appeared in the first room we entered—Miss Burgess'. The class was made up of large boys and young men. The exercise was a somewhat difficult reading lesson, in which tone and emphasis was largely demanded. Owing to the exceeding difficulty of the English language, nothing but continuous and persistent efforts will make these Indian young men tolerably good scholars.

In writing English words and sentences on the blackboard, as well as in working the simple problems of arithmetic, they appear to very good advantage. In these exercises we were entertained by the classes of various grades in the rooms of Miss Morton, Miss Ely, Miss Fisher, Miss Cutter and Miss Patterson. In Miss Philips' room the exercise was reading by an advanced class of girls. In Miss Morton's room, by witnessing the gymnastic exercise, a smile was brought to the faces of the dusky visitors—the Pueblo chiefs—from the villages of Zuni, Laguna, Ishleta, Achoma, San-filipa and Cochetay.

Before we reached Miss Booth's room her review was concluded. The classes were engaged in writing. We looked at their slates, which exhibited a variety and individuality that we were hardly expecting to find. This seems to be the *forte* of the Indian. With proper instruction they learn to write easily and well. This fact was verified by the compositions and letters of scholars which we saw in other rooms. But what seemed to me more remarkable than anything else in this school, is that these Indians have learned to do so well the most difficult thing in English—that of learning to spell. The teachers, one and all, are to be congratulated on their success.

The most entertaining half-hour was the last, which I spent in Miss Semple's room listening to a little review of studies in our colonial history. An outline map of part of our coast was on the blackboard, drawn by one of the class, and various incidents of the first settlement, with dates and names, were given by them. It was refreshing to know that the scholars here are permitted, and expected, to recite history in their own words, and not in the language of the author. S. R. RIGGS.

At our last "English-speaking" evening the visiting delegates from the Pueblos and the Northern Arapahoes were present, seeming greatly interested in the children's reports to Capt. Pratt of their success in speaking only English through the week just passed. Through one of their number the Pueblo chiefs expressed the great pleasure and satisfaction they felt in all they had seen during their visit here. Both boys and girls were well cared for in every way, and they would go home and tell their people how good everything was. Then Dr. Thomas spoke as follows:

"Children, I suppose about the best think I can say to-night is to tell you what I have seen here different from what I saw when I was here before. Then I determined to go home and have some of the children of my people come here, because I saw it was a good school. At that time very few of you could talk English; very few of you appeared as you do now in any respect. To-day, although I have only seen a few, I have seen such improvement that I am greatly delighted. I have seen one of these Pueblo boys who has my name; I did not know him. Do you suppose I did not know him because he was poor, and sick, and unhappy? When I tell you he was Bennie Thomas, you will know that is not the reason; but because he was so fat, and happy, and looked so well.

Now I am going home to commence writing to the Great Father again, and to tell him that instead of having twenty children from my people, we must have two thousand; because we have two thousand of the age to attend school, and they should be in schools like this."

Chief Black Coal then spoke for the Northern Arapahoes, Daniel Tucker, one of our scholars, acting as interpreter. He said:

"You all children we send you here because we love you, and we send you here to learn something. If you learn here so much before you go back to your homes, then you will be good man; you will not be poor people. So all you boys and girls you must not fight; be friends with each other, and don't fight. When Captain tells you to do anything, you must listen to it, and do what he tells you. If you listen to him, you will be all right. When you go through this school here, then when you go back to your own homes, then you will have houses like these here. I am too old: I cannot learn anything; I am too old; but you must try to learn. When I was at home I heard about this school, and I sent my boy here, because I thought it was good for him to come to school here. I do not like the Indian ways any more. It is best here. Now all you boys live like the white man; you live on just the the one road—the white man's road. We thank Washington because it gives us some money to have Indian school. We glad always. It costs a great deal of money for our schools. Now you must listen to what I have said"

Among the brief speeches the boys made, was this from Cecil Red Medicine:

"Capt. Pratt—I do not forget what you tell us about speaking only English. I have spoken only English for twenty-five days. This English language it is hard for me; but I am going to try hard. Let us all try."

As Cecil is one of our oldest Sioux boys, who came here directly from the camps, and knowing not one word of English, it is no small victory for him to have refrained entirely from using his own language for so many days.

Luther said,—

"We are here to learn what is right. It is right to speak English only: so let us try over and over."

Meacham.

The Indians lose a true friend in the death of A. B. Meacham, editor of the Council Fire. He has done much to awaken the public mind to the true condition and needs of the Indian by his fearless pleading for them and permitting them to speak for themselves through his columns. Now that his work is accomplished that he believed he was brought back to life on the lava beds to perform, we rejoice with him in the thought of the joys of that higher life to which he looked forward and to which we trust he is called.

Death has taken two of our Cheyenne children this month—Louise and Matavito. The little girl was diseased when she came to us, the scrofula filling her whole system. The young man died of typhoid form of fever, the first case that has appeared among us.

And still the light is breaking. Here comes a gleam from Utah in the Salt Lake Daily Tribune.

Education a Hostage.

The little item telegraphed yesterday regarding the schooling of thirteen Indian children, the offspring of certain wild Western chiefs suggest the thought that possibly the school house might have been made a successful hostage against Indian depredations from the first. Had the New England Fathers but taught some child of old Philip so that he could have written his stormy old father a letter that could have been interpreted to him, it is very doubtful whether he would ever again have lifted a battle ax against the white. One letter from a child to its father, when that father is a barbarous chief, takes all the fight out of him for the time being at least. It gives him glimpses of a glory which while he feels its radiance seems to him farther off than the stars. Suppose, when the great Shawnee Chief was planning his war, a letter had been brought him from his boy in some far off pale-face school, telling him that he was happy, that the splendors of the book of knowledge were being, by kind hands, unfolded to him; that there was a better life than the savage life; that there was a better hope than savages knew; that there was a nobler ambition than the taking of scalps, is there any question that the terrible chief would have been profoundly moved? We know that since the Cherokees have been given the rudiments of an education their hands have never been raised against the white. It is not possible that a mighty mistake has, from the first, been perpetrated against the grown-up children of the plains? Who knows but if school houses, instead of Indian agents and soldiers, had been depended upon, forty wars might have been avoided; a mighty expense and the life of many a splendid man might have been saved? It is not too late to more thoughtly try the experiment still. The wildest lion may be tamed by kindness, and any kind of a human heart responds quicker to a caress than a club.

Cooking Lessons for Our Girls.

Miss Juliet Corson, in her busy life in the Metropolitan city, could not but feel and see how great was the need of better preparation for work of the great multitude of women who must depend upon their exertions for a livelihood. Very few occupations were open to women, and these were overcrowded, and the wages for woman's work was quite meagre. With training and experience many other fields of employment might be open to women; and so for years Miss Corson worked with other ladies, trying to help herself by placing within their reach instruction in telegraphy, book-keeping, phonography, etc., etc. In her work she became more and more impressed with the great fact that through false sentiment and foolish pride women considered it beneath them to do anything 'menial,' preferring harder work and smaller wages as seamstresses or shop-girls to the more comfortable work and wages of household "servants." Miss Corson's energies have been bent toward bringing about a more healthy sentiment in this respect, and she has accomplished a great work.

We were indeed glad to accept her generous offer to give our girls a course of lessons in cookery. Her teaching was simple and practical, and admirably adapted to the capacity of her Indian pupils. A table was placed ready for the lesson; in front of it the girls were grouped, and back of it stood Miss Corson, calling to her aid from time to time eager volunteers from the class. Beginning with the importance of absolnte cleanliness, the table was scoured, the utensils to he used rubbed and polished until they shone. Only such materials and utensils were used as she learned from the girls they could get at their homes. Miss Corson's experience in the New York Cooking School, where she has done so good a work in training poor children, enabled her to use such simple language—such telling gestures—that even those with the least knowledge of English could follow and understand her teaching. Usually she had two or three dishes in course of preparation at once. A little girl washed potatoes, rubbing each one carefully with a bit of rag, and deftly imitating Miss Corson as she showed her how to pare a ring of skin from each, and then to hoil them just long enough so that they should be dry and mealy, slipping readily from their loosened jackets. Meantime another girl peeled more potatoes, and, following her teacher's example, the knife removed a thin, transparent paring and cut ont defects, and while she did it the whole class received a lesson in avoiding wastefulness. After each step of the lesson Miss Corson questioned the class as to what had been done and why it was done. In this way, from plain and meagre materials, very palatable dishes were prepared. It was a most interesting sight: the earnest watchfulness of the girls who looked on; the self-important little airs of the girls who carried out the lessons, as they bent over the table and peered ever and anon into saucepans bubbling on the range They made soups and stews; they haked and broiled; and even the much-maligned frying-pan was brought into requisition, as Miss Corson taught them that it was possible to fry things without making them greasy and indigestible. As each dish was prepared she told them what other materials could be used in the same way. The pleasure of the girls in receiving this training was shown by the expressions in their home letters. One wee girl proudly informed her father that when she returned she would teach her people how to make omelet, adding regretfully that she was not snre she knew all abont how to cook chicken. Considering that one chicken furnished lessons in broiling and stewing, in broth for sick people, and fricassee for the convalescent, it is scarcely a matter of wonder that she did not quite understand it all as the larger girls did.

Miss Corson says she found the Indian girls as quick, and apt, and enthusiastic as any pupils she has had. The desire to become good housekeepers became more eager from her pleasant teachings, and we are sure that when she comes again, as she has promised, she will find that they have not lost what they have learned, and are ready to go on as far as she will take them.

U. S. Grant—not the one who wants to be President during life—but an Arapahoe Indian, has gone to work in the shoe shop recently fitted up at the Arapahoe school. We have seen a number of specimens of his work, which show considerable skill —Cheyenne Transporter.

The remants of several Indian tribes still survive in New York State, and Rev. J. W. Sanborn and Rev. J. Turkey (originally Spiced-Arrow) are translating a hymn book and book of psalms into the Seneca tongue for the use of the Cattaraugus Indians.

Virginia Oequa, daughter of Stumbling Bear, one of the most prominent chiefs of the Kiowas, has been living on a farm since last June. The lady with whom she lives writes:

"Virginia has been very valuable to me, and I have tried in many ways to benefit her. I think she will now be able to cut and make her own clothes; bake bread, pies, and some kinds of cakes, if she should be settled in a home of her own, or her father's; and what she has not done herself regarding cooking, I have had her watch me, and try to learn in that way all the different forms of housework too numerous to mention, but entirely new to her, and will be serviceable to her hereafter I hope. If she does her best she will be able to astonish some of those wild Indians when she goes home, and does astonish us now. I often think if I had had no better chance than she, I would not do as well. She wrote a letter to the agent sometime since. When he wrote back he told her she had written the best letter he had received from any of his boys or girls at the Carlisle school. She certainly does try to learn our language. I often spell words to her that occur in our conversation, thinking she will be more likely to retain what she learns in that way better than in any other."

The testimony of the Seminoles is that the neighborhood schools do not benefit their children in proportion to the money paid to sustain them, consequently they have closed all except two for the colored children and will put the Indian-speaking pupils into the mission schools. Fifteen are to be admitted into the Presbyterian mission at Wewoka this week. One of the trustees informs us that they hope to open with one hundred scholars next session. We can truthfully repeat our former statement that the people are anxious to educate their children provided they receive honest encouragement and are not made subject to political trades. The foundation of our educational work was laid by the mission schools, and the best representatives of progress here are the men who were instructed in them. We are glad to record this of the Seminoles, and we recommend their action as a wise one and entitled to a just consideration by the officials of the other tribes. One year lost to the children can never be recovered, and no legislators have license to forget it.—Indian Journal.

Ohio, too, lifts up her voice. The following extract from the Zanesville Times is said by one sending it to be the voice of the people:

The problem of educating the children of the Indians is a subject before the Interior Department. The great Indian chiefs who have been at Washington have expressed themselves as delighted with the acquirements of the young savages who have returned to their native forests full of book-learning and civilized habits. There is no reason why the government and benevolent societies should not bring the children of these people by the score to our eastern schools and colleges, and send them back to civilize their race. It is decidedly better to do this than to fight.

This letter came to us after the others were in type, and will be its own interpreter:

Indian Training School, Carlisle, Pa., February 3d, 1882.

Dear Sir—Capt. Pratt:—I want say some thing to you: Would you I go some whites, and stay there about two years? I want to stay where there are many white people, and when I been there I will work on the farm and learn how to speak the English language soon. I do not like to go home in the old Indian camps; but am push very hard to speak only English. If you say "all right," I will stay there just only two years, and in the end of that I will come back here at Carlisle. If I learn how to plant things—farmers they plant in the fields—and if I learn all I shall be very glad. Tell me what you thinking about it. That is all. From your one of the boys at Carlisle, Alfred.

A Test of Order.—The changes for recitation test the order of a school-room. If they are made quickly and quietly, each one acting as though he knew what he was to do, and doing it with self-reliance; if books and slates are handled without noise; if there are no collisions in aisles and passages and doorway; and, above all, if the teacher in her place controls all movements by a look, or a quiet word, you may be assured that it is a well-organized and orderly school.—*W. J. Cook*

I will never ask you for pictures again. I will send my love to you, dear brother, and all you scholars, and everybody those who know me I send my love to them. You must tell them. That is all.

From your sister, Harriet Mary.

I am remembering you all the time. Write soon, please. Good-bye.

["Our government has greatly wronged the Indians, and has much to answer for," it is said.]

And what constitutes "our government?" Is not every individual voter an integral portion of our government; and, according to the power and influence which he wields in his position in society, is he not responsible for his every act?

Answer this question in the affirmative, and how can any philanthropist look with unconcern upon the thousands of young savages who are growing up in the very heart of our nation without any opportunity to learn how to become other than savages?

The knowledge of this fact does not seem yet to have impressed itself upon the masses of those whose hearts are reaching out to do good to their fellow-men. They care for the poor and ignorant of our own people; they interest themselves in the foreign emigrants who come to our shores; they stretch out their hands to help the idolaters of India, the debased of Africa, and the dwellers in the Islands of the Sea, and take little or no note of the fact that we have a people here in our very heart, as we have said, for whose civilization and christianization we are specially responsible as a nation, and yet who have, generation after generation, grown up and passed away without the Light which they are making such strenuous efforts to cause to shine on the darkened ones of other lands. Or, if they have interested themselves in the Indian in a measure, and have power delegated to them, as in the appointment of agents, they shirk responsibility after a certain point, and so let that power go by default, throwing back their interest into the hands of what they call "our government," forgetting, apparently, that they are component parts of it.

We learned in our childhood—"In Adam's fall we sinned all." We confess to the belief that in one way or another the sins of our ancestors do cling to us; but the fact that those who preceded us in our government sinned against the Indian, cannot, we believe, be any possible excuse for our continuing to sin against him by permitting another generation of his uneducated children to live as a cancer in our bosom. Let every benevolent voter feel that he has a personal responsibility in this matter. Now that the time has arrived when a general and comprehensive system of education may be carried out in all our Indian tribes, let there be no failure on our part, either as individuals or as a government, to meet in its fullest sense, both in effort and money, the needs of the Indian for light and knowledge. It will take money and many workers. With these the way is clear. Hundreds apply to us for places to teach, so workers are not wanting. Let there be one-half as much desire to save the Indians to industry—to knowledge—to to citizenship—as there has been to destroy them, and let there be one-fourth as much money spent to educate and train them as has been spent to destroy them, and they will be saved and citizens.

A Sioux Myth.

TRANSLATION OF "ONE WHO SPITS OUT PEARLS."

There was a Boy-Beloved whose spittle was all kinds of beautiful beads. So abundant were they that his people arrayed themselves therewith. As the fame of this spread abroad, the young women of surrounding tribes were all anxious to have him for a husband. And as a certain maiden was going to make him her husband, if possible, she heard behind her some one laughing. She stopped, when lo! two women came up and said: "Why, here stands Heart-Killer." And they added, "Come along, Heart-Killer, we are going to make the Bead-Spitter our husband; let us go together." So she went with them.

These two young women were called—"The Two-Women." They did not grow from the people, but grew wildly and were supernatural beings, hence their name. "The Two-Women."

So Heart-Killer went with them and lay down with them, as it was now night. But before they went to sleep the Two-Women said: "Look here, Heart-Killer, when the morning comes at whosesoever head stands the birch bark dish with quill work around it and filled with rice, she is the one who shall have Bead-Spitter for a husband. So when the morning came it was standing at the head of Heart-Killer, they say.

Then they went on and came to a large lake, whose farther shores could not be seen. Out on the water was a large canoe. And as this was where Bead-Spitter's village was, they called and said, "We have come to get Bead-Spitter for our husband." Some one came rowing. When he arrived, they said: "We have came to make Bead-Spitter our husband." To which he replied, "I do not know any one by that name;" but at the same time he filled his mouth with beads, and then spat them out. The beads were scattered all around, and laughing they gathered them up. Then the Two-Women went into the canoe, but the other they drove back, and said, "Go away, Heart-Killer." So they went home with the man, but he was not Bead-spitter. The other stood there crying, when, lo! another canoe came in sight. It was a very bright and beautiful one, for it was all metal. It came on and arrived. This was the Bead-Spitter, and, as he wore very bright clothing, the appearance was very splendid.

"Young woman, what are you crying for here?" he said. So she told him she had come to get Bead-Spitter for a husband, and what the Two-Women had done to her. Then he said, "Come on, we two will go home." So she went home with him.

The narrative says, "Now, I will tell about the others:"

The Two-Women went thus with the man and reached his home. It was his grandmother's teepee. Then some one said, "Teal-Duck, Bead-Spitter calls you to a feast." The Teal said, "Indeed, somebody has said something;" and then to the women he said, "Do not come; they are making mystery; no woman looks at it." Saying this, he went. But the women said, "We, too, are accustomed to see the supernatural; we will go," and so they went. When they reached the place there was much noise, and they came and looked in by a hole of the tent, and lo! they danced on the back of their husband. He saw his wives peeping in, and jumping up, said, "I also will join the dance on the Teal's back," and so he jumped about. They say this was the duck that is called the "Teal," and hence, to this day, that duck has no fat on its back, because the people danced on it, they say.

Then the Two-Women started back, and, taking two blankets, they put bees in the one and ants in the other, and went on. The other woman who was called Heart-Killer was with the Boy-Beloved. Her they took and thrust out, and then placed themselves on either side of him.

Then Teal-Duck came home, and when he had lifted one blanket, the bees came out and stung him; when he had lifted the other, the ants came out and bit him. Then he said, "Indeed, here is much that is strange," and so he opened out the blankets, and the ants and bees swarmed out and drove everybody from the house. So he went and found the two wives of Teal-Duck with Bead-Spitter, to whom he said, "My oldest brother, give me back the youngest one." There was no reply. Again he made the demand, but no answer came. And so Teal-Duck went home singing this song, they say:

"You Spitter-of-Pearls, give me back my youngest wife;
For over the lake ever I drive box-elder pegs."

Thus he sang.

And from this has come down to us this form of speech, viz:—When sores come out on people, and pus is formed, they say, "Teal-Duck has shot them."

Now, when night came on, Sharp-Grass took his knife, and finding the Boy-Beloved sleeping with the Two-Women, he cut off his head, and holding it in his hand, took his station inside of the tent. When the people knew that the Boy-Beloved lay headless, there was [illegible] tumult. So they went to the [illegible] but his [illegible] had placed him on the top of his tent. They went in but only a little brown heron came flying out. Hence the fowl that is called Little-Brown-Heron (Snipe) is the grandmother of the Teal-Duck. It flew away and alighted in the corner of a reed marsh. Then the people went and trod down and trampled up thoroughly the reed island. Hence, when all the roots of the reeds are red, they say this is the blood of the Teal's grandmother.

Then Teal-Duck, having the head of the Boy-Beloved, went and stood within the tent of the Chief. And the mother of Boy-Beloved cried and said, "You bad, worthless fellow, who debauched my child and had people dance upon his own back, you have impoverished me." While she cried some one said, "Indeed, and was it I who did this thing?" Then they called the Spider, and when his mother said, crying, "Who is it who says this aloud, 'Indeed, and was it I who did it?'" Then the Spider said, "Now, consider this, "You say the Spider is a fool; why, don't you understand this?—it is he who stands within the tent who says this."

Then they tore down the tent, and beheld Teal-Duck holding the head of Boy-Beloved, and the other having the knife, and they stood up high. "Come down," they said, "you shall live;" but up they went, and stood in the moon. And so now when the moon is full, what appears in it is Teal-Duck holding the head of One-who-spits-out-pearls, and the other is Sharp-Grass holding the knife in his hands.

This is the Myth.

Monthly Home Letters.

Last Sunday Prof. Lippincott preached a good sermon. He said that we had a very good year; and he asked what day of the week, and what day of the month, and the year. And the boys told him that this is the first day of the week, month and year. And he asked us how we know that this is the first day of the year, and what makes the winter. The boys told him that because the sun is in the South, and shines slantingly. And he said, "When the sun is above our heads, what is then?" It is summer. "And what do you call the winter, spring, summer and autumn?" The boys said "Seasons." And he said that this, the year of 1882, the new year. We shake hands with last year 1881 last night at 12 o'clock; it is gone away; we cannot get it back again any more. Now, we must try and get all we can out of this new year. Professor is a very good man; he comes out every Sunday and talks to us about the Bible, and we all like him because he is very kind to us. This is all.

ELLWOOD DORIAN.

CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA., January 1st, 1882.

DEAR FATHER:—I tell you again about the Indian children who stay here: We are all well and doing better, too. Nobody has gotten ill, about all the Sioux chidren, we are trying hard to do every thing, and we always like to be good worked. Last December 24th, 1881, all the boys and girls were made very happy, indeed I think that time we had a very beautiful time. We had a very nice dinner, it was because we are very much glad, I think white people what we had every thing is very good indeed. I guess Father I am glad to tell you this time, I tried hard to do anything and always feel better, and I like to work because I am not afraid to do all the time. Sometimes ago I don't like to work but now I work hard; so now I like to work and I try hard to do something, it is becaue this is the first day. And I staid here three years now, and we try hard to do so much. Father, I think of you all, but I don't like your Indian ways, because you don't know the good ways, also you don't know good many things. Therefore I don't like your Indian ways and every one Dakota boys and girls we like it very much white people ways is very good ways. I am an Indian, but I know how to do because I like it I said. So now that is all for this time I have to say to you. I am glad to shake hands with you with a good heart. From you affectionate son, RALPH I. E. FEATHER.
I shall say good bye.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., January 3d, 1882.

DEAR FATHER MR. WHITESHIELD:—This is a bright, beautiful morning. All the boys and girls are writing letters home. We had a very happy New Year. All the boys are very happy to write letters home this beautiful morning. I want to do better this year than I did last year in 1881. I will try do right this year; I want to do better this year than I ever had been in my life. I will try very hard to learn my lessons this year—harder than I did last year. I want to give my heart to God, and I hope He will help me to do better this year 1882; this new year I want you to do better—this new year. Our teachers told us to write letters home this morning, and so we all going to write lovely letters home this bright, sunny day. We all well and stronger. All the boys and girls try very hard to learn the English language. Last week we had no school days because the teachers were all absent, and we had a very nice time, indeed. I wish you had a merry, happy New Year. I send my love to all of you. And now I close with a loving good-bye. Don't forget to write a long letter to me and tell me how you are getting along out there in Indian Territory.

Your affectionate son. HARVEY WHITESHIELD.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., Jan. 3, 1882.

DEAR FATHER:—I have been down to the laundry. We were ironing the girls' white aprons and two girls were washing the clothes. I had your letter last week. I was very glad to hear from you very much. We had very nice time on Christmas night; I hope you all had the same too. We didn't have a school last week because it was a happy New Year, and we wanted to learn all we can on this week if we can. Should like to know all about the Arapahoe Mission Christmas. Can you tell me? This morning I didn't go to school because I was at work. Every morning the girls darn the stockings because if the little girls sew on machine they would break it; they won't let them sew on machine; they don't know anything about it. I think it is good for them to darn first. Now, you must answer my letter if you can. Captain Pratt told us on Saturday night that we must try hard to learn how to talk English, because you send me to this Carlisle to learn, so I have to. Some of the girls just talk in Indian language; they say they don't care. Some of the girls say, "Let us talk in Indian next week." That is not right to say. Now, that is all. I must stop. From your daughter,

MINNIE YELLOW-BEAR.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., January 3d.

MY DEAR FATHER:—I was very glad to get your letter, and I read it with much pleasure. I am well and happy all the time, and hope you are the same, too. We had a nice time Christmas; I will tell you what I got: Christmas night I got a pair of mittens and a box with a lady's picture on the top of it, and two dolls—one large and one small doll. Dear father, I have been trying hard to speak English this week and last week. I do wish I could forget my Sioux language. I hope Annie, and Wilder, and Etta, are all well. I am trying to get a good education before I go home, and leave all the kind teachers, and Captain Pratt, too, and all the children. Sunday evening we had a lesson about giving our hearts to God, and last evening we had a lesson about thanking God for all the blessings that He has given us, and to-night our lesson is about confession of sin. Our Christmas holidays are over, and we are in school again. We had a whole week for our holidays. I am trying to get "excellent" on my card every month. This is all I will say. With much love and kisses to all.

From your daughter, NELLIE ROBERTSON.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, January 3d.

DEAR FATHER STANDING BEAR:—We had no school for about one week in 1881; but now we have the opportunity to go to school this happy new year 1882. So we are very glad to come to school to-day. Dear father, I am double-minded; I have a mind not to write this letter, because I knew you never find my letter, that is why I could not write much. If you get it my letter every time, I would write as much as I can, and I tell you all about the Indian Training School. Before I say good bye I will say a few words how I am getting along: I am getting along very well, and then I will tell you now what I have done:—I am not to Captain Pratt what tells me one time. He asked us who wanted to speak only English every day, and said—"Hold up your hands, boys and girls." So the boys and girls hold up their hands; but I did not do it. But what is the reason I did not do that? I will tell you: When I forgot it one word then I asked somebody in my language and I get it, that is reason I want try both. But this week I will try hard as I can. I did not get discouraged, but I want to try hard both. So, dear father, you must not be sorry, because I will try again. Let me know how my relation are getting along. That is all I have to say. Let me hear from you when you get this letter. Suppose I want to hear from you. Good-bye.

From your son, L. STANDING BEAR.

The government not allow us to get pay every month; but it's very good for us to keep on working, no matter if we do not get any pay for it, we will have reward from God if we are good and faithful workers. It says some place in the Bible, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord;" so we must work for God and please Him as much as we can. J. GIVEN.

January 3d, 1882.

MY DEAR FATHER BLACK-HAIR-HORSE:—I tell you one thing about Indians and the white people, both: Now, in all the United States, Indians are just a few—about 250,000 Indians; that one big city has more people in it than all the Indians. The name of that city is Philadelphia. About 846,984 white people are there. There are three times as many people there as Indians all.

Captain Pratt told us that we will not get any more pay. He got an order from Washington, and Captain he is sorry for it. So we are all sorry, but we can work without paying, and we hope, perhaps, we will get pay again. I hope I shall meet you cheerful this year. I want you to tell all my friends that I am well and happy. Now, this is all.

Your true friend, D. TUCKER.

MY DEAR LOVING FAHER BULL THUNDER:—Now my dear father I think it is very good for us to begin to learn something this New Year. Now my father I want to tell you just three things I would like to try hard to learn. Now I want to learn to work, and to learn to read books and I want to learn English. That is all. Good-bye. From your loving son, JOHN WILLIAMS.

[COMMUNICATED.]

"The More Education We Get, the More We Want."

[The following letter explains itself. "Capt. Hendry, what does Billy and the South Florida Seminoles say to this?"]

WEWOKA, INDIAN TERRITORY, January 12th, 1882.

TO HON. H. PRICE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS—DEAR SIR:—

We write to inquire of you whether or not we of the Seminole nation of Indians can have the privilege of sending some of our children to Capt. Pratt's school at Carlisle, Pa. We would like to send twenty of our children to that school—ten boys and ten girls; or, if that many could not be received, as many as can be received we wish to put in that school. Also, if any of our children can be received in that school we wish you to let us know whether or not their traveling expenses from here to Carlisle will be borne by the government, or will we have to pay it ourselves? Also, we wish to know whether their expenses for boarding, books, etc., will be paid by the government, or shall the nation (Seminole) have to pay for their expenses there; and, if so, how much per session for each pupil? One reason for wishing to send our children there is, because we want our children to learn the English language perfectly. We have good schools here, and our children get a good start in them towards an education; but while they stay altogether here they will speak the Indian language, more or less, and thus be hindered in acquiring the English perfectly.

If these twenty children can be taken and supported in that school by the government, and free of expense to the Seminole nation, we will be a thousand times thankful to the government for the favor.

Very respectfully, HALPATUCHE,
Principal Chief.
FUS HACHE HACHO,
Second Chief of Seminoles.

P. S.—Please answer the above as soon as possible. H. and F.